ENDIMION and Phœbe.

IDEAS LATMVS.

Phœbus erit nostri princeps, et carminis Author.

AT LONDON,
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should be a printers ornament above the dedication

TO THE EXCELLENT
and moſt accompliſht Ladie: *Lucie* Counteſſe of Bedford.

Great Ladie, eſſence of my cheefeſt good,
  Of the moſt pure and fineſt tempred ſpirit
Adorn̄d with gifts, enobled by thy blood,
  Which by diſcent true vertue do'ſt inherit;
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
  Which thou by birth tak'ſt from thy gracious mother,
  Whoſe royall mindes with equall motion ſtriue
  Which moſt in honor ſhall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muſe her ſelfe ſhall taſke,
  Which rain'ſt vpon mee thy ſweet golden ſhowers,
  And but thy ſelfe, no ſubiect will I aſke,
  Vpon whoſe praiſe my ſoule ſhall ſpend her powers.
Sweet Ladie then, grace this poore Muſe of mine,
Whoſe faith, whoſe zeale, whoſe life, whoſe all is thine.

Your Honors humbly
diuoted
Michael Drayton.

Rouland, when firſt I red thy ſtately rymes,
In Sheepheards weedes, when yet thou liu'dſt vnknowne,
Not ſeene in publique in thoſe former tymes,
But vnto Ankor tund'ſt thy Pype alone,
I then beheld thy chaſte Ideas fame,
Put on the wings of thine immortall ſtile,
Whoſe rareſt vertues, and deſerued name,
Thy Muſe renowns throughout this glorious Ile,
Thy lines, like to the Lawrells pleaſant ſhade,
In after ages ſhall adorne her Herſe,
Nor can her beauties glory fade
Deckt in the collours of thy happy verſe.
Thy fiery ſpirit mounts vp to the ſkye,
And what thou writ'ſt liues to Eternitye.

E. P.

To Idea.

AMidst those shades wherein the Muses sit,
Thus to Idea, *my* Idea *sings,*
Support of wisedome, better force of Wit:
Which by desert, desert to honour brings,
Borne to create good thoughts by thy rare woorth,
Whom Nature with her bounteous store doth blesse,
More excellent then Art can set thee forth;
Happy in more, then praises can expresse:
Which by thy selfe shalt make thy selfe continue,
When all worlds glory shall be cleane forgot,
Thus I the least of skilfull Arts retinue:
Write in thy prayse which time shall neuer blot;
Heauen made thee what thou art, till worlds be done,
Thy fame shall florish like the rising Sunne.

S. G.

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Endimion & Phœbe.

Ideas Latmus.

IN *I-onia* whence ſprang old Poets fame,
From whom that Sea did firſt deriue her name,
The bleſſed bed whereon the Muſes lay,
Beauty of *Greece*, the pride of *Aſia*,
Whence *Archelaus* whom times hiſtorifie,
Firſt vnto *Athens* brought Phyloſophie.
In this faire Region on a goodly Plaine,
Stretching her bounds vnto the bordring Maine,
The Mountaine *Latmus* ouer-lookes the Sea,
Smiling to ſee the Ocean billowes play:
Latmus, where young *Endimion* vſd to keepe
His faireſt flock of ſiluer-fleeced ſheepe.
To whom *Siluanus* often would reſort,
At barly-breake to ſee the Satyres ſport;
And when rude *Pan* his Tabret liſt to ſound,
To ſee the faire Nymphes foote it in a round,
Vnder the trees which on this Mountaine grew,
As yet the like *Arabia* neuer knew:

Endimion & Phœbe.

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Vnder the trees which on this Mountaine grew,
As yet the like *Arabia* neuer knew:

For all the pleasures Nature could deuise,
Within this plot she did imparadize;
And great *Diana* of her speciall grace,
With *Vestall* rytes had hallowed all the place:
Vpon this Mount there stood a stately Groue,
Whose reaching armes, to clip the Welkin stroue,
Of tufted Cedars, and the branching Pine,
VVhose bushy tops themselues doe so intwine,
As seem'd when Nature first this work begun,
Shee then conspir'd against the piercing Sun;
Vnder whose couert (thus diuinely made)
Phœbus greene Laurell florisht in the shade:
Faire *Venus* Mirtile, *Mars* his warlike Fyrre,
Minerúas Oliue, and the weeping Myrhe,
The patient Palme, which thriues in spite of hate,
The Popler, to *Alcides* consecrate;
VVhich Nature in such order had disposed,
And there-withall these goodly walkes inclosed,
As seru'd for hangings and rich Tapestry,
To beautifie this stately Gallery:
Imbraudring these in curious trailes along,
The clustred Grapes, the golden Citrons hung,
More glorious thē the precious fruite were these,
Kept by the Dragon in *Hesperides*;

Or gorgious Arras in rich colours wrought,
With silk from Affrick, or from Indie brought:
Out of thys soyle sweet bubling Fountains crept,
As though for ioy the sencelesse stones had wept;
With straying channels dauncing sundry wayes,
With often turnes, like to a curious Maze:
Which breaking forth, the tender grasse bedewed
Whose siluer sand with orient Pearle was strewed,
Shadowed with Roses and sweet Eglantine,
Dipping theyr sprayes into this christalline:
From which the byrds the purple berries pruned,
And to theyr loues their small recorders tuned.
The Nightingale, woods Herauld of the Spring,
The whistling Woosell, Mauis carroling,
Tuning theyr trebbles to the waters fall,
Which made the musicque more angelicall:
Whilst gentle *Zephyre* murmuring among,
Kept tyme, and bare the burthen to the song.
About whose brims, refresht with dainty showers,
Grew Amaranthus, and sweet Gilliflowers,
The Marigold, *Phœbus* beloued frend,
The Moly, which from sorcery doth defend:
Violet, Carnation, Balme and Cassia,
Ideas Primrose, coronet of May.

and so it sprang as though it warble

Aboue this Groue a gentle faire aſcent,
Which by degrees of Milk-white Marble went:
Vpon the top, a Paradiſe was found,
VVith which, Nature this miracle had crownd;
Empald with Rocks of rareſt precious ſtone,
Which like the flames of *Aetna* brightly ſhone;
And ſeru'd as Lanthornes furniſhed with light,
To guide the wandring paſſengers by night:
For which fayre *Phœbe* ſliding from her Sphere,
Vſed oft times to come and ſport her there.
And from the Azure ſtarry-painted Sky,
Embalmd the bancks with precious lunary:
That now her *Menalus* ſhee quite forſooke,
And vnto *Latmus* wholy her betooke,
And in this place her pleaſure vs'd to take,
And all was for her ſweet *Endimions* ſake:
Endimion, the louely Shepheards boy,
Endimion, great *Phœbes* onely ioy,
Endimion, in whoſe pure-ſhining eyes,
The naked Faries daunſt the heydegies.
The ſhag-haird Satyrs Mountain-climing race,
Haue been made tame by gazing in his face.
For this boyes loue, the water-Nymphs haue wept
Stealing oft times to kiſſe him whilſt he ſlept:

And

And tasting once the Nectar of his breath,
Surfet with sweet, and languish vnto death;
And *Ioue* oft-times bent to lasciuious sport,
And comming where *Endimion* did resort,
Hath courted him, inflamed with desire,
Thinking some Nymph was cloth'd in boyes at-
And often-times the simple rural Swaines, (tire.
Beholding him in crossing or'e the Plaines,
Imagined, *Apollo* from aboue
Put on this shape, to win some Maidens loue.
This Shepheard, *Phœbe* euer did behold,
Whose loue already had her thoughts controld;
From *Latmus* top (her stately throne) shee rose,
And to *Endimion* downe beneath shee goes.
Her Brothers beames now had shee layd aside,
Her horned cressent, and her full-fac'd pride:
For had shee come adorned with her light,
No mortall eye could haue endur'd the sight;
But like a Nymph, crown'd with a flowrie twine,
And not like *Phœbe*, as herselfe diuine.
An Azur'd Mantle purfled with a vaile,
Which in the Ayre pust like a swelling saile,
Embosted Rayne-bowes did appeare in silk,
With wauie streames as white as mornings Milk:

Which euer as the gentle Ayre did blow,
Still with the motion ſeem'd to ebb and flow:
About her neck a chayne twiſe twenty fold,
Of Rubyes, ſet in lozenges of gold;
Truſt vp in trammels, and in curious pleats,
With ſpheary circles falling on her teats.
A dainty ſmock of Cipreſſe, fine and thin,
Or'e caſt with curls next to her Lilly skin:
Throgh which the purenes of the ſame did ſhow
Lyke Damaske-roſes ſtrew'd with flakes of ſnow.
Diſcouering all her ſtomack to the waſte,
With branches of ſweet circling veynes enchaſte.
A Coronet ſhe ware of Mirtle bowes,
VVhich gaue a ſhadow to her Iuory browes.
No ſmother beauty maske did beauty ſmother
"Great lights dim leſſe yet burn not one another,
Nature abhorrs to borrow from the Mart,
"Simples fit beauty, fie on drugs and Art.
Thus came ſhee where her loue *Endimion* lay,
VVho with ſweet Carrols ſang the night away;
And as it is the Shepheards vſuall trade,
Oft on his pype a Roundelay he playd.
As meeke he was as any Lambe might be,
Nor neuer lyu'd a fayrer youth than he:

His

His dainty hand, the ſnow it ſelfe dyd ſtayne,
Or her to whom *Ioue* ſhowr'd in golden rayne:
From whoſe ſweet palme the liquid Pearle dyd
Pure as the drops of *Aganippas* Well: (ſwell,
Cleere as the liquor which fayre *Hebe* ſpylt;
Hys ſheephooke ſiluer, damask'd all with gilt.
The ſtaffe it ſelfe, of ſnowie Iuory,
Studded with Currall, tipt with Ebony;
His treſſes, of the Rauens ſhyning black,
Stragling in curles along his manly back.
The balls which nature in his eyes had ſet,
Lyke Diamonds incloſing Globes of Iet:
VVhich ſparkled from their milky lids out-right,
Lyke fayre Orions heauen-adorning light.
The ſtars on which her heauenly eyes were bent,
And fixed ſtill with louely blandiſhment,
For whom ſo oft diſguiſed ſhee was ſeene,
As ſhee Celeſtiall *Phœbe* had not beene:
Her dainty Buskins lac'd vnto the knee,
Her pleyted Frock, tuck'd vp accordingly:
A Nymph-like huntreſſe, arm'd with bow & dart
About the woods ſhe ſcours the long-hu'd Hart.
She climes the moutains with the light-foot Fauns
And with the Satyrs ſcuds ouer the Launes.

In

In Muſicks ſweet delight ſhee ſhewes her skill,
Quauering the Cithron nimbly with her quill,
Vpon each tree ſhe carues *Endimions* name
In *Gordian* knots, with *Phœbe* to the ſame:
To kill him Venſon now ſhe pitch'd her toyles,
And to this louely Raunger brings the ſpoyles;
And thus whilſt ſhe by chaſte deſire is led
Vnto the Downes where he his fayre Flocks fed,
Neere to a Groue ſhe had *Endimion* ſpide,
Where he was fiſhing by a Riuer ſide
Vnder a Popler, ſhadowed from the Sun,
Where merrily to court him ſhe begun:
Sweet boy (qd. ſhe) take what thy hart can wiſh,
When thou dooſt angle would I were a fiſh,
When thou art ſporting by the ſiluer Brooks,
Put in thy hand thou need'ſt no other hooks;
Hard harted boy *Endimion* looke on mee,
Nothing on earth I hold too deere for thee:
I am a Nimph and not of humaine blood,
Begot by *Pan* on *Iſis* ſacred flood:
When I was borne vpon that very day,
Phœbus was ſeene the Reueller to play:
In *Ioues* hye houſe the Gods aſſembled all,
And *Iuno* held her ſumptuous Feſtiuall,

Oceanus

Oceanus that hower was dauncing ſpy'de,
And *Tython* ſeene to frolick with his Bride,
The *Halcions* that ſeaſon ſweetly ſang,
And all the ſhores, with ſhouting Sea-Nymphes
And on that day, my birth to memorize, (rang,
The Shepheards hold a ſolemne ſacrifice:
The chaſt *Diana* nurſt mee in her lap,
And I ſuckt Nectar from her Downe-ſoft pap.
The Well wherein this body bathed firſt,
Who drinks thereof, ſhall neuer after thirſt;
The water hath the Lunacie appeaſed,
And by the vertue, cureth all diſeaſed;
The place wherein my bare feete touch the mold,
Made vp in balls, for Pomander is ſold.
See, ſee, theſe hands haue robd the Snow of white,
Theſe dainty fingers, organs of delight;
Behold theſe lyps, the Load-ſtones of deſire,
Whoſe words inchant, like *Amphyons* well-tun'd
This foote, Arts iuſt proportiõ doth reueale, (lyre,
Signing the earth with heauens own manuel ſeale.
Goe, play the wanton, I will tend thy flock,
And wait the howres as duly as a clock;
Ile deck thy Ram with bells, and wreathes of Bay,
And gild his hornes vpon the ſheering day;

And with a garlond crown thee Shepheards king,
And thou ſhalt lead the gay Gyrles in a ring;
Birds with their wings ſhall fan thee in the Sun,
And all the fountaynes with pure Wine ſhall run,
I haue a Quier of dainty Turtle-doues,
And they ſhall ſit and ſweetly ſing our loues:
Ile lay thee on the Swans ſoft downy plume,
And all the Winde ſhall gently breath perfume,
Ile plat thy locks with many a curious pleate,
And chafe thy temples with a ſacred heate;
The Muſes ſtill ſhall keepe thee company,
And lull thee with inchaunting harmony;
If not all theſe, yet let my vertues moue thee,
A chaſter Nymph *Endimion* cannot loue thee.
But he imagin'd ſhe ſome Nymph had been,
Becauſe ſhee was apparelled in greene;
Or happily, ſome of fayre *Floras* trayne,
Which oft did vſe to ſport vpon the Plaine:
He tels her, he was *Phœbes* ſeruant ſworne,
And oft in hunting had her Quiuer borne,
And that to her virginity he vowed,
Which in no hand by *Venus* was alowed;
Then vnto her a Catalogue recites
Of *Phœbes* Statutes, and her hallowed Rites,

And

And of the grieuous penalty inflicted,
On ſuch as her chaſt lawes had interdicted:
Now, he requeſts, that ſhee would ſtand aſide,
Becauſe the fiſh her ſhadow had eſpide;
Then he intreats her that ſhe would be gone,
And at this time to let him be alone;
Then turnes him from her in an angry ſort,
And frownes and chafes that ſhee had ſpoil'd his (ſport.
And then he threatens her, if ſhe did ſtay,
And told her, great *Diana* came this way.
But for all this, this Nymph would not forbeare,
But now ſhe ſmoothes his criſpy-curled haire,
And when hee (rudely) will'd her to refrayne,
Yet ſcarcely ended, ſhe begins agayne:
Thy Ewes (qd. ſhe) with Milk ſhall daily ſpring,
And to thy profit yeerely Twins ſhall bring,
And thy fayre flock, (a wonder to behold)
Shall haue their fleeces turn'd to burniſht gold;
Thy batefull paſture to thy wanton Thewes,
Shall be refreſht with Nectar-dropping dewes,
The Oakes ſmooth leaues, ſirropt with hony fall,
Trickle down drops to quench thy thirſt withall:
The cruell Tygar will I tame for thee,
And gently lay his head vpon thy knee;

 And

And by my ſpells, the Wolues iawes will I lock,
And (as good Sheepheards) make them gard thy (flock,
Ile mount thee brauely on a Lyons back,
To driue the fomy-tusked Bore to wrack:
The brazen-hoofed yelling Bulls Ile yoke,
And with my hearbs, the ſcaly Dragon choke.
Thou in great *Phœbes* Iuory Coche ſhalt ride,
Which drawne by Eagles, in the ayre ſhall glide:
Ile ſtay the time, it ſhall not ſteale away,
And twenty Moones as ſeeming but one day.
Behold (fond boy) this Rozen-weeping Pine,
This mournfull Larix, dropping Turpentine,
This mounting Teda, thus with tempeſts torne,
With incky teares continually to mourne;
Looke on this tree, which blubbereth Amber gum
which ſeemes to ſpeak to thee, though it be dumb,
Which being ſenceles blocks, as thou do'ſt ſee,
Weepe at my woes, that thou might'ſt pitty mee:
O thou art young, and fit for loues profeſsion,
Like wax which warmed quickly takes impreſsiõ,
Sorrow in time, with floods thoſe eyes ſhall weare,
Whence pitty now cannot extort a teare.
Fond boy, with words thou might'ſt be ouercome,
"But loue ſurpriz'd the hart, the tongue is dumbe,

But

But as I can, Ile ſtriue to conquer thee;
Yet teares, & ſighes, my weapons needs muſt bee.
My ſighs moue trees, rocks melting with my tears,
But thou art blind; and cruell ſtop'ſt thine eares:
Looke in this Well, (if beautie men alow)
Though thou be faire, yet I as fayre as thou;
I am a *Veſtall*, and a ſpotles Mayd,
Although by loue to thee I am betrayd:
But ſith (vnkinde) thou dooſt my loue diſdayne,
To rocks and hills my ſelfe I will complaine.
Thus with a ſigh, her ſpeeches ſhe broke,
The whilſt her eyes to him in ſilence ſpoke;
And from the place this wanton Nymph aroſe,
And vp to *Latmus* all in haſt ſhee goes;
Like to a Nymph on ſhady *Citheron*,
The ſwift *Iſmænos*, or *Thermodoon*,
Gliding like *Thetis*, on the fleet waues borne,
Or ſhe which trips vpon the eares of Corne;
Like Swallowes when in open ayre they ſtriue,
Or like the Foule which towring Falcons driue.
But whilſt the wanton thus purſu'd his ſport,
Deceitfull Loue had vndermin'd the Fort,
And by a breach (in ſpight of all deniance,)
Entred the Fort which lately made defiance:

And with ſtrong ſiedge had now begirt about
The mayden Skonce which held the ſouldier out.
" Loue wants his eyes, yet ſhoots he paſsing right,
His shafts our thoughts, his bowe hee makes our (ſight.
His deadly piles are tempred by ſuch Art,
As ſtill directs the Arrowe to the hart:
He cannot loue, and yet forſooth he will,
He ſees her not, and yet he ſees her ſtill,
Hee goes vnto the place ſhee ſtood vpon,
And asks the poore ſoyle whether ſhe was gon;
Fayne would he follow her, yet makes delay,
Fayne would he goe, and yet fayne would he ſtay,
Hee kiſt the flowers depreſſed with her feete,
And ſwears frõ her they borrow'd all their ſweet.
Faine would he caſt aſide this troublous thought,
But ſtill like poyſon, more and more it wrought,
And to himſelfe thus often would he ſay,
Heere my Loue ſat, in this place did ſhee play,
Heere in this Fountaine hath my Goddeſſe been,
And with her preſence hath ſhe grac'd this green.
Now black-brow'd Night plac'd in her chaire
Sat wrapt in clouds within her Cabinet, (of Let,
And with her dusky mantle ouer-ſpred,
The path the Sunny Palfrayes vs'd to tred;

And

And *Cynthia* ſitting in her Chriſtall chayre,
In all her pompe now rid along her Spheare,
The honnied dewe deſcended in ſoft ſhowres,
Drizled in Pearle vpon the tender flowers;
And *Zephyre* husht, and with a whiſpering gale,
Seemed to harken to the Nightingale,
Which in the thorny brakes with her ſweet ſong,
Vnto the ſilent Night bewrayd her wrong.
Now faſt by *Latmus* neere vnto a Groue,
Which by the mount was shadowed from aboue,
Vpon a banck *Endimion* ſat by night,
To whom fayre *Phœbe* lent her frendly light:
And ſith his flocks were layd them downe to reſt,
Thus giues his ſorrowes paſſage from his breſt;
Sweet leaues (qd. he) which with the ayre do tremble,
Oh how your motions do my thoughts reſemble,
With that milde breath, by which you onely moue,
Whiſper my words in ſilence to my Loue:
Conuay my ſighes ſweet Ciuet-breathing ayre,
In dolefull accents to my heauenly fayre;
You murmuring Springs, like doleful Inſtruments
Vpon your grauell ſound my ſad laments,
And in your ſilent bubling as you goe,
Conſort your ſelues like Muſick to my woe.

And

And lifting now his ſad and heauy eyes
Vp, towards the beauty of the burniſht skies,
Bright Lamps(qd. he) the glorious Welkin bears,
Which clip about the Plannets wandring Sphears,
And in your circled Maze doe euer role,
Dauncing about the neuer-moouing Pole:
Sweet Nymph, which in fayre *Elice* dooſt ſhine,
Whom thy ſurpaſing beauty made diuine,
Now in the Artick conſtellation,
Smyle ſweet *Caliſto* on *Endimion*:
And thou braue *Perſeus* in the Northern ayre,
Holding *Medaſa* by the ſnaky hayre,
Ioues ſhowre-begotten Son, whoſe valure tryed,
In ſeauenteene glorious lights art ſtellified;
Which won'ſt thy loue, left as a Monſters pray;
And thou the louely fayre *Andromida*,
Borne of the famous Etheopian lyne,
Darting theſe rayes from thy tranſpiercing eyne,
To thee the bright *Caſſiopey*, with theſe,
Whoſe beauty ſtroue with the *Neriedes*,
With all the troupe of the celeſtiall band,
Which on *Olimpus* in your glory ſtand;
And you great wandring lights, if frõ your Sphears
You haue regard vnto a Sheepeheards teares,

The conſtellations neere the Pole Artick

Or

Or as men ſay, if ouer earthly things
You onely rule as Potentates and Kings,
Vnto my loues euent ſweet Stars direct,
Your kindeſt reuolution and aſpect,
And bend your cleere eyes from your Thrones a-
Vpon *Endimion* pyning thus in loue. (boue
Now, ere the purple dauning yet did ſpring,
The ioyfull Lark began to ſtretch her wing,
And now the Cock the mornings Trumpeter,
Playd hunts-vp for the day ſtarre to appeare,
Downe ſlydeth *Phœbe* from her Chriſtall chayre,
Sdayning to lend her light vnto the ayre,
But vnto *Latmus* all in haſte is gon,
Longing to ſee her ſweet *Endimion*;
At whoſe departure all the Plannets gazed,
As at ſome ſeld-ſeene accident amazed,
Till reaſoning of the ſame, they fell at ods,
So that a queſtion grew amongſt the Gods,
Whether without a generall conſent
She might depart their ſacred Parliament?
But what they could doe was but all in vaine,
Of liberty they could her not reſtraine:
For of the ſeauen ſith ſhe the loweſt was,
Vnto the earth ſhe might the eaſieſt paſſe;

Sith onely by her moysty influence,
Of earthly things she hath preeminence,
And vnder her, mans mutable estate,
As with her changes doth participate;
And from the working of her waning source,
Th'vncertaine waters held a certaine course,
Throughout her kingdõe she might walk at large
Wherof as Empresse she had care and charge,
And as the Sunne vnto the Day giues light,
So is she onely Mistris of the Night; (guide,
Which whilst shee in her oblique course dooth
The glittering stars apeare in all their pride,
Which to her light their friendly Lamps do lend,
And on her trayne as Hand-maydes doe attend,
And thirteene times she through her Sphere doth
Ere *Phœbus* full his yearly course haue done, (run,
And vnto her of women is assign'd,
Predominance of body and of mind,
That as of Planets shee most variable,
So of all creatures they most mutable;
But her sweet *Latmus* which she lou'd so much,
No sooner once her dainty foote doth touch,
But that the Mountaine with her brightnes shone
And gaue a light to all the Horizon:

Euen as the Sun which darknes long did shroud,
Breakes suddainly from vnderneath a clowd,
So that the Nimphs which on her still attended,
Knew certainly great *Phœbe* was discended;
And all aproched to this sacred hill,
There to awayt their soueraigne Goddesse will,
And now the little Birds whom Nature taught,
To honour great *Diana* as they ought,
Because she is the Goddesse of the woods,
And sole preseruer of their hallowed floods,
Set to their consort in their lower springs,
That with the Musicke all the mountaine rings;
So that it seemd the Birds of euery Groue
Which should excell and passe each other stroue,
That in the higher woods and hollow grounds,
The murmuring Eccho euery where resounds,
The trembling brooks their slyding courses stayd,
The whilst the waues one with another playd,
And all the flocks in this reioycing mood,
As though inchaunted do forbeare their food;
The heards of Deare downe from the mountains
As loth to come within *Dianas* view, (flew,
Whose piercing arrowes from her Iuory bowe,
Had often taught her powerfull hand to knowe;

And now from *Latmus* looking towards the plains
Casting her eyes vpon the Sheepheards swaines,
Percein'd her deare *Endimions* flock were stray'd
And he himselfe vpon the ground was layd ;
Who late recald from melancholy deepe,
The chaunting Birds had lulled now asleepe;
For why the Musick in this humble kinde,
As it first found, so doth it leaue the minde ;
And melancholy from the Spleene begun,
By passion moou'd, into the veynes doth run ;
Which when this humor as a swelling Flood
By vigor is infused in the blood ;
The vitall spirits doth mightely apall ;
And weakeneth so the parts organicall,
And when the sences are disturbd and tierd,
With what the hart incessantly desierd,
Like Trauellers with labor long oppreſt,
Finding release, eſt-soones they fall to rest.

The effect of Melancholie.

And comming now to her *Endimion*,
Whom heauy sleepe had lately ceas'd vpon,
Kneeling her downe, him in her armes she clips,
And with sweet kisses sealeth vp his lips,
Whilst from her eyes, teares streaming downe in (showrs
Fell on his cheekes like dew vpon the flowrs,

In

In globy circles like pure drops of Milk,
Sprinckled on Roſes, or fine crimſon ſilk:
Touching his brow, this is the ſeate (quoth ſhe)
Where Beauty ſits in all her Maieſtie,
She calls his eye-lids thoſe pure Chriſtall couers
Which do include the looking Glaſſe of Louers,
She calls his lips the ſweet delicious folds
VVhich rare perfume and precious incenſe holds,
Shee calls his ſoft ſmooth Allablaſter skin,
The Lawne which Angels are attyred in,
Sweet face(qd.ſhe)but wanting words I ſpare thee
Except to heauen alone I ſhould compare thee:
And whilſt her words ſhe waſteth thus in vayne,
Sporting herſelfe the tyme to entertayne,
The frolick Nymphes with Muſicks ſacred ſound,
Entred the Meddowes daunding in a round:
And vnto *Phœbe* ſtraight their courſe direct,
Which now their ioyfull comming did expect,
Before whoſe feet their flowrie ſpoyles they lay,
And with ſvveet Balme his body doe imbay.
And on the Laurels growing there along,
Their wreathed garlands all about they hung:
And all the ground within the compaſſe load,
With ſweeteſt flowers, whereon they lightly troad.

With Nectar then his temples they be dew,
And kneeling softly kisse him all arew;
Then in braue galiards they themselues aduaunce,
And in the Tryns *Bacchus* stately daunce;
Then following on fayre *Floras* gilded trayne,
Into the Groues they thus depart agayne,
And now to shew her powerfull deitie,
Her sweet *Endimion* more to beautifie,
Into his soule the Goddesse doth infuse,
The fiery nature of a heauenly Muse,
Which in the spyrit labouring by the mind
Pertaketh of celestiall things by kind:
For why the soule being diuine alone,
Exempt from vile and grosse corruption,
Of heauenly secrets comprehensible,
Of which the dull flesh is not sensible,
And by one onely powerfull facultye,
Yet gouerneth a multiplicity,
Being essentiall, vniforme in all,
Not to be seuered nor diuiduall,
But in her function holdeth her estate,
By powers diuine in her ingenerate,
And so by inspiration conceiueth
What heauen to her by diuination breatheth:

The excellency of the soule.

But

But they no sooner to the shades were gone,
Leauing their Goddesse by *Endimion*,
But by the hand the louely boy shee takes,
And from his sweet sleepe softly him awakes,
Who being struck into a sodayne feare,
Beholding thus his glorious Goddesse there,
His hart transpierced with this sodayne glance,
Became as one late cast into a trance:
Wiping his eyes not yet of perfect sight,
Scarcely awak'd amazed at the light,
His cheekes now pale then louely blushing red,
Which oft increasd, and quickly vanished,
And as in him his fixed eyes were bent,
So to and fro his colour came and went,
Like to a Christall where the fire set,
Against the brightnes rightly opposet,
Now doth retyne the colour of the flame,
And lightly moued againe, reflects the same,
For our affection quickned by her beate,
Alayd and strengthned by a strong conceit,
The minde disturbed forth wich doth conuart,
To an internall passion of the hart,
By motion of that sodaine ioy or feare,
Which we receiue either by the eye or eare,

The causes of the externall signes of passion.

For

For by retraction of the ſpirit and blood,
From thoſe exterior parts where firſt they ſtood,
Into the center of the body ſent,
Returnes againe more ſtrong and vehement:
And in the like extreamitie made cold,
About the ſame, themſelues doe cloſely hold,
And though the cauſe be like in this reſpect,
Works by this meanes a contrary effect.

Thus whilſt this paſsion hotely held his courſe,
Ebbing and flowing from his ſpringing ſource,
With the ſtrong fit of this ſweet Feuer moued,
At ſight of her which he intirely loued,
Not knowing yet great *Phœbe* this ſhould be,
His ſoueraigne Goddeſſe, Queene of Chaſtitie,
Now like a man whom Loue had learned Art,
Reſolu'd at once his ſecrets to impart:
But firſt repeats the torments he had paſt,
The woes indur'd ſince time he ſaw her laſt;
Now he reports he noted whilſt ſhe ſpake,
The buſtling windes their murmure often brake,
And being ſilent, ſeemd to pauſe and ſtay,
To liſten to her what ſhe meant to ſay:
Be kind (quoth he) ſweet Nymph vnto thy louer,
My ſoules ſole eſſence, and my ſences mouer,

The cauſes of the externa l ſigns of paſſion.

Life of my life, pure Image of my hart,
Impreſſure of Conceit, Inuention, Art,
My vitall ſpirits, receues his ſpirit from thee,
Thou art that all which ruleth all in me,
Thou art the ſap, and life whereby I liue,
Which powerfull vigor dooſt receiue and giue;
Thou nouriſheſt the flame wherein I burne,
The North wherto my harts true tuch doth turne.
Pitty my poore flock, ſee their wofull plight,
Theyr Maiſter periſht liuing from thy ſight,
Theyr fleeces rent, my treſſes all forlorne,
I pyne, whilſt they theyr paſture haue forborne;
Behold (quoth he) this little flower belowe,
Which heere within this Fountayne brim dooth grow;
With that, a ſolemne tale begins to tell
Of this fayre flower, and of this holy Well,
A goodly legend, many Winters old,
Learn'd by the Sheepheards ſitting by their folde,
How once this Fountayne was a youthfull ſwaine,
A frolick boy and kept vpon the playne,
Vnfortunate it hapt to him (quoth he)
To loue a fayre Nymph as I nowe loue thee,
To her his loue and ſorrow he imparts,
Which might diſſolue a rock of flinty harts;

To her he ſues, to her he makes his mone,
But ſhe more deafe and hard then ſteele or ſtone;
And thus one day with griefe of mind oppreſt,
As in this place he layd him downe to reſt,
The Gods at length vppon his ſorrowes looke,
Transforming him into this pirrling Brooke,
Whoſe murmuring bubles ſoftly as they creepe,
Falling in drops, the Channell ſeems to weepe,
But ſhee thus careles of his miſery.
Still ſpends her dayes in mirth and iollity;
And comming one day to the Riuer ſide,
Laughing for ioy when ſhe the ſame eſpyde,
This wanton Nymph in that vnhappy hower,
Was heere transformd into this purple flower,
Which towards the water turnes it ſelfe agayne,
To pitty him by her vnkindnes ſlayne.
She, as it ſeemd, who all this time attended,
Longing to heare that once his tale were ended,
Now like a iealous woman ſhe repeats,
Mens ſubtilties, and naturall deceyts;
And by example ſtriues to verifie,
Their ficklenes and vaine inconſtancie:
Their hard obdurate harts, and wilfull blindnes,
Telling a ſtorie wholy of vnkindnes;

But

But he, who well perceiued her intent,
And to remoue her from this argument,
Now by the ſacred Fount he vowes and ſweares,
By Louers ſighes, and by her halowed teares,
By holy *Latmus* now he takes his oath,
That all he ſpake was in good fayth and troth ;
And for no frayle vncertayne doubt ſhould moue
Vowes ſecrecie, the crown of a true Louer. (her,
She hearing this, thought time that ſhe reueald,
That kind affection which ſhe long conceald,
Determineth to make her true Loue known,
Which ſhee had borne vnto *Endimion* ;
I am no Huntreſſe, nor no Nymph (quoth ſhe)
As thou perhaps imagin'ſt me to be,
I am great *Phœbe*, *Latmus* ſacred Queene,
Who from the skies haue hether paſt vnſeene,
And by thy chaſt loue hether was I led,
Where full three yeares thy fayre flock haue I fed,
Vpon theſe Mountaines and theſe firtile plaines,
And crownd thee King of all the Sheepheards
Nor wanton, nor laciuious is my loue, (ſwaines :
nor neuer luſt my chaſt thoughts once could moue
But ſith thou thus haſt offerd at my Shrine,
And of the Gods haſt held me moſt diuine,

Mine Altars thou with ſacrifice haſt ſtord,
And in my Temples haſt my name ador'd,
And of all other, moſt haſt honor'd mee,
Great *Phœbes* glory thou alone ſhalt ſee.
Thys ſpake, ſhe putteth on her braue attire,
As being burniſht in her Brothers fire,
Purer then that Celeſtiall ſhining flame
Wherein great *Ioue* vnto his Lemmon came,
Which quickly had his pale cheekes ouer-ſpred,
And tincted with a louely bluſhing red.
Which whilſt her Brother *Titan* for a ſpace,
Withdrew himſelfe, to giue his ſiſter place,
Shee now is darkned to all creatures eyes,
Whilſt in the ſhadow of the earth ſhe lyes,
For that the earth of nature cold and dry,
A very Chaos of obſcurity,
Whoſe Globe exceeds her compaſſe by degrees,
Fixed vpon her Superficies;
When in his ſhadow ſhe doth hap to fall,
Dooth cauſe her darknes to be generall.
Thus whilſt he layd his head vpon her lap,
Shee in a fiery Mantle doth him wrap,
And carries him vp from this lumpiſh mould,
Into the skyes, whereas he might behold,

The earth in perfect roundnes of a ball
Exceeding globes most artificiall:
Which in a fixed poynt Nature disposed,
And with the sundry Elements inclosed,
Which as the Center permanent dooth stay,
When as the skies in their diurnall sway,
Strongly maintaine the euer-turning course,
Forced alone by their first moouer sourse,
Where he beholds the ayery Regions,
VVhereas the clouds and strange impressions,
Maintaynd by coldnes often doe appeare,
And by the highest Region of the ayre,
Vnto the cleerest Element of fire,
Which to her siluer foot-stoole doth aspire,
Then dooth she mount him vp into her Sphere,
Imparting heauenly secrets to him there,
Where lightned by her shining beames hee sees,
The powerfull Plannets, all in their degrees,
Their sundry reuolutions in the skies,
And by their working how they simpathize;
All in theyr circles seuerally prefixt,
And in due distance each with other mixt:
The mantions which they hold in their estate,
Of which by nature they participate;

And how those signes their seuerall places take,
Within the compasse of the Zodiacke:
And in their seuerall triplicities consent,
Vnto the nature of an Element,
To which the Plannets do themselues disperce,
Hauing the guidance of this vniuers,
And do from thence extend their seuerall powers,
Vnto this little fleshly world of ours:
Wherin her Makers workmanship is found,
As in contriuing of this mighty round,
In such strange maner and such fashion wrought,
As doth exceede mans dull and feeble thought,
Guiding vs still by their directions;
And that our fleshly frayle complections,
Of Elementall natures grounded bee,
With which our dispositions most agree,
Some of the fire and ayre participate,
And some of watry and of earthy state,
As hote and moyst, with chilly cold and dry,
And vnto these the other contrary;
And by their influence powerfull on the earth,
Predominant in mans fraile mortall bearth,
And that our liues effects and fortunes are,
As is that happy or vnlucky Starre,

The signes in their triplicities, participate with the Elements.

Which

Which reigning in our frayle natiuitie,
Seales vp the ſecrets of our deſtinie,
With frendly Plannets in coniunction ſet,
Or els with other meerely oppoſet:
And now to him her greateſt power ſhe lent,
To lift him to the ſtarry Firmament,
Where he beheld that milky ſtayned place,
By which the Twynns & heauenly Archers trace,
The dogge which doth the furious Lyon beate,
Whoſe flaming breath increaſeth *Titans* heate,
The teare-diſtilling mournfull *Pliades*,
Which on the earth the ſtormes & tempeſts raiſe,
And all the courſe the conſtellations run,
When in coniunction with the Moone or Sun,
When towards the fixed Articke they ariſe,
When towards the Antaricke, falling frõ our eyes;
And hauing impt the wings of his deſire,
And kindled him, with this cœleſtiall fire,
She ſets him downe, and vaniſhing his ſight,
Leaues him inwrapped in this true delight:
Now wherefoeuer he his fayre flock fed,
The Muſes ſtill *Endimion* followed;
His ſheepe as white as Swans or driuen ſnow,
Which beautified the ſoyle with ſuch a ſhow,

As

As where hee folded in the darkeſt Night,
There neuer needed any other light;
If that he hungred and deſired meate,
The Bees would bring him Honny for to eate,
Yet from his lyps would not depart away,
Tyll they were loden with Ambroſia;
And if he thirſted, often there was ſeene
A bubling Fountaine ſpring out of the greene,
VVith Chriſtall liquor fild vnto the brim,
VVhich did preſent her liquid ſtore to him.
If hee would hunt, the fayre Nymphs at his will,
VVith Bowes & Quiuers, would attend him ſtill:
And what-ſoeuer he deſierd to haue,
That he obtain'd if hee the ſame would craue.
And now at length, the ioyful tyme drew on,
Shee meant to honor her *Endimion*,
And glorifie him on that ſtately Mount
VVhereof the Goddeſſe made ſo great account.
Shee ſends *Ioues* winged Herauld to the woods,
The neighbour Fountains, & the bordring floods,
Charging the Nymphes which did inhabit there,
vpon a day appoynted to appeare,
And to attend her ſacred Maieſtie
In all theyr pompe and great ſolemnity.

Hauing

Hauing obtaynd great *Phœbus* free consent,
To further her diuine and chast intent,
Which thus imposed as a thing of waight,
In stately troupes appeare before her straight,
The Faunes and Satyres from the tufted Brakes,
Theyr brisly armes wreath'd al about with snakes;
Their sturdy loynes with ropes of Iuie bound,
Theyr horned heads with Woodbine Chaplets crownd,
With Cipresse Iauelens, and about their thyes,
The flaggy hayre disorder'd loosely flyes:
Th' *Oriades* like to the *Spartan* Mayd,
In Murrie-scyndall gorgiously arayd:
With gallant greene Scarfes girded in the wast,
Theyr flaxen hayre with silken fillets lac'd,
Woue with flowers in sweet lasciuious wreathes,
Moouing like feathers as the light ayre breathes,
VVith crownes of Mirtle, glorious to behold,
whose leaues are painted with pure drops of gold:
With traines of fine Bisse checker'd al with frets
Of dainty Pincks and precious Violets,
In branched Buskins of fine Cordiwin,
With spangled garters downe vnto the shin,
Fring'd with fine silke, of many a sundry kind,
VVhich lyke to pennons waued with the wind.

The *Hamadriads* from their ſhady Bowers,
Deckt vp in Garlonds of the rareſt flowers,
Vpon the backs of milke-white Bulls were ſet,
With horne and hoofe as black as any Iet,
Whoſe collers were great maſſy golden rings,
Led by their ſwaynes in twiſted ſilken ſtrings;
Then did the louely *Driades* appeare,
On dapled Staggs, which brauely mounted were,
Whoſe veluet palmes with noſegaies rarely dight,
To all the reſt bred wonderfull delight;
And in this ſort accompaned with theſe,
In tryumph rid the watry *Niades*,
Vpon Sea-horſes, trapt with ſhining finns,
Arm'd with their male impenitrable skinns,
Whoſe ſcaly creſts like Raine-bowes bended hye;
Seeme to controule proud *Iris* in the skye;
Vpon a Charriot was *Endimion* layd,
In ſnowy Tiſſue gorgiouſly arayd,
Of precious Iuory couered or'e with Lawne,
Which by foure ſtately Vnicornes was drawne,
Of ropes of Orient pearle their traces were,
Pure as the path which dooth in heauen appeare,
With rareſt flowers inchaſte and ouer-ſpred,
Which ſeru'd as Curtaynes to this glorious bed,

Whose seate of Christal in the Sun-beames shone,
Like thunder-breathing *Ioues* celestiall Throne,
Vpon his head a Coronet installd,
Of one intire and mighty Emerald,
With richest Bracelets on his lilly wrists,
Of Hellitropium, linckt with golden twists;
A beuy of fayre Swans, which flying ouer,
With their large wings him frõ the Sun do couer,
And easily wafting as he went along,
Doe lull him still with their inchaunting song,
Whilst all the Nimphes on solemne Instruments,
Sound daintie Musick to their sweet laments.

And now great *Phœbe* in her tryumph came,
With all the tytles of her glorious name,
Diana, Delia, Lana, Cynthia,
Virago, Hecate, and *Elythia,*
Prothiria, Dictinna, Proserpine,
Latona, and *Lucina*, most diuine;
And in her pompe began now to approch,
Mounted aloft vpon her Christall Coach,
Drawn or'e the playnes by foure pure milk-white Hinds,
Whose nimble feete seem'd winged with the winds,
Her rarest beauty being now begun,
But newly borrowed from the golden Sun,

Her louely cressant with a decent space,
By due proportion beautifi'd her face,
Till hauing fully fild her circled side,
Her glorious fulnes now appeard in pride;
vvhich long her changing brow could not retaine,
But fully waxt, began againe to wane;
Vpon her brow (like meteors in the ayre)
Twenty & eyght great gorgious lamps shee bare;
Some, as the VVelkin, shining passing bright,
Some not so sumptuous, others lesser light,
Some burne, some other, let theyr faire lights fall,
Composd in order Geometricall;
And to adorne her with a greater grace,
And ad more beauty to her louely face,
Her richest Globe shee gloriously displayes,
Now that the Sun had hid his golden rayes:
Least that his radiencie should her suppresse,
And so might make her beauty seeme the lesse;
Her stately trayne layd out in azur'd bars,
Poudred all thick with troopes of siluer stars:
Her ayrie vesture yet so rare and strange,
As euery howre the colour seem'd to change,
Yet still the former beauty doth retaine,
And euer came vnto the same againe.

Then

Then fayre *Astrea*, of the *Titans* line,
VVhom equity and iustice made diuine,
VVas seated heer vpon the siluer beame,
And with the raines guides on this goodly teame,
To whom the *Charites* led on the way,
Aglaia, *Thalia*, and *Euphrozine*,
vvith princely crownes they in the triumph came,
Imbellished with *Phœbes* glorious name:
These forth before the mighty Goddesse went,
As Princes Heraulds in a Parliament.
And in their true consorted symphony,
Record sweet songs of *Phœbes* chastity;
Then followed on the Muses, sacred nyne,
With the first number equally diuine,
In Virgins white, whose louely mayden browes,
Were crowned with tryumphant Lawrell bowes;
And on their garments paynted out in glory,
Their offices and functions in a story,
Imblazoning the furie and conceite
Which on their sacred company awaite;
For none but these were suffered to aproch,
Or once come neere to this celestiall Coach,
But these two of the numbers, nine and three,
Which being od include an vnity,

Into which number all things fitly fall,
And therefore named Theologicall:
And first composing of this number nine,
Which of all numbers is the most diuine,
From orders of the Angels dooth arise,
Which be contayned in three Hirarchies,
And each of these three Hirarchies in three,
The perfect forme of true triplicity;
And of the Hirarchies I spake of erst,
The glorious *Epiphania* is the first,
In which the hie celestiall orders been,
Of Thrones, Chirrup, and the Ciraphin;
The second holds the mighty Principates,
The Dominations and the Potestates,
The *Ephionia*, the third Hirarchie,
Which Vertues Angels and Archangels be;
And thus by threes we aptly do define,
And do compose this sacred number nyne,
Which of these nyne orders grounded be,
Vpon some one particularity,
Then as a Poet I might so infer,
An other order when I spake of her.
From these the Muses onely are deriued,
Which of the Angels were in nyne contriued;

These

These heauen-inspired Babes of memorie,
Which by a like attracting Sympathy,
Apollos Prophets in theyr furies wrought,
And in theyr spirit inchaunting numbers taught,
To teach such as at Poesie repine,
That it is onely heauenly and diuine,
And manifest her intellectuall parts,
Sucking the purest of the purest Arts;
And vnto these as by a sweet consent,
The Sphery circles are equiualent,
From the first Moouer, and the starry heauen,
To glorious *Phœbe* lowest of the seauen,
Which *Ioue* in tunefull Diapazons fram'd,
Of heauenly Musick of the Muses nam'd,
To which the soule in her diuinitie,
By her Creator made of harmony,
Whilst she in frayle and mortall flesh dooth liue,
To her nyne sundry offices doe giue,
Which offices vnited are in three,
Which like the orders of the Angels be,
Prefiguring thus by the number nyne,
The soule, like to the Angels is diuine:
And frō these nines those Conquerers renowned,
Which with the wreaths of triumph oft were crowned.

Which

Which by their vertues gain'd the worthies name
First had this number added to their fame,
Not that the worthiest men were onely nine,
But that the number of it selfe diuine,
And as a perfect patterne of the rest,
Which by this holy number are exprest;
Nor Chiualrie this title onely gaynd;
But might as well by wisedome be obtaynd,
Nor in this number men alone included,
But vnto women well might be aluded,
Could wit, could worlds, coulde times, could ages (find,
This number of *Elizas* heauenly kind;
And those rare men which learning highly prized
By whom the Constellations were deuised,
And by their fauours learning highly graced,
For *Orpheus* harpe nine starres in heauen placed:
This sacred number to declare thereby,
Her sweet consent and solid harmony,
And mans heroique voyce, which doth impart,
The thought conceaued in the inward hart,
Her sweetnes on nine Instruments doth ground,
Else doth she fayle in true and perfect sound.
Now of this three in order to dispose,
Whose trynarie doth iustly nyne compose.

First

First in the forme of this triplicitie
Is shadowed that mighty Trinitie,
Which still in stedfast vnity remayne,
And yet of three one Godhead doe containe;
From this eternall liuing deitie,
As by a heauen-inspired prophecy,
Diuinest Poets first deriued these,
The fayrest Graces *Ioue*-borne *Charites*;
And in this number Musick first began,
The *Lydian*, *Dorian*, and the *Phrigian*,
Which rauishing in their soule-pleasing vaine,
They made vp seauen in a higher strayne;
And all those signes which *Phœbus* doth ascend,
Before he bring his yearely course to end,
Their seueral natures mutually agree,
And doe concurre in thys triplicitie;
And those interior sences with the rest,
Which properly pertaine to man and Beast,
Nature herselfe in working so deuised,
That in this number they should be comprized.
But to my tale I must returne againe,
Phœbe to *Latmus* thus conuayde her swayne,
Vnder a bushie Lawrells pleasing shade, (made,
Amongst whose boughs the Birds sweet Musick

Whose fragrant branch-imbosted Cannapy,
Was neuer pierst with *Phœbus* burning eye;
Yet neuer could thys Paradise want light,
Elumin'd still with *Phœbes* glorious sight:
She layd *Endimion* on a grassy bed,
With sommers Arras ritchly ouer-spred,
Where from her sacred Mantion next aboue,
She might descend and sport her with her loue,
Which thirty yeeres the Sheepheards safely kept,
Who in her bosom soft and soundly slept;
Yet as a dreame he thought the tyme not long,
Remayning euer beautifull and yong,
And what in vision there to him be fell,
My weary Muse some other time shall tell.

DEeare *Collin*, let my Muse excused be,
Which rudely thus presumes to sing by thee,
Although her straines be harsh vntun'd & ill,
Nor can attayne to thy diuinest skill.
And thou the sweet *Museus* of these times,
Pardon my rugged and vnfiled rymes,
Whose scarce inuention is too meane and base,
When *Delias* glorious Muse dooth come in place.

And

And thou my *Goldey* which in Sommer dayes,
Haſt feaſted vs with merry roundelayes,
And when my Muſe ſcarce able was to flye,
Didſt imp her wings with thy ſweete Poeſie.
And you the heyres of euer-liuing fame,
The worthy titles of a Poets name,
Whoſe skill and rareſt excellence is ſuch,
As ſpitefull Enuy neuer yet durſt tuch,
To your protection I this Poem ſend,
Which from proud *Momus* may my lines defend,
And if ſweet mayd thou deign'ſt to read this ſtory,
Wherein thine eyes may view thy vertues glory,
Thou pureſt ſpark of *Veſta's* kindled fire,
Sweet Nymph of *Ankor*, crowne of my deſire,
The plot which for their pleaſure heauen deuis'd,
Where all the Muſes be imparadis'd,
Where thou dooſt liue, there let all graces be,
Which want theyr grace if onely wanting thee,
Let ſtormy winter neuer touch the Clyme,
But let it floriſh as in Aprils prime,
Let ſullen night, that ſoyle nere ouer-cloud,
But in thy preſence let the earth be proud,
If euer Nature of her worke might boaſt,
Of thy perfection ſhe may glory moſt,

To whom fayre *Phœbe* hath her bow resign'd,
Whose excellence doth lyue in thee refin'd,
And that thy praise Time neuer should impayre,
Hath made my hart thy neuer mouing Spheare.
Then if my Muse giue life vnto thy fame,
Thy vertues be the causers of the same.
And from thy Tombe some Oracle shall rise,
To whom all pens shall yearely sacrifice.

FINIS.